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**The History of
Mother Bunch of the
West**

London

[18--]

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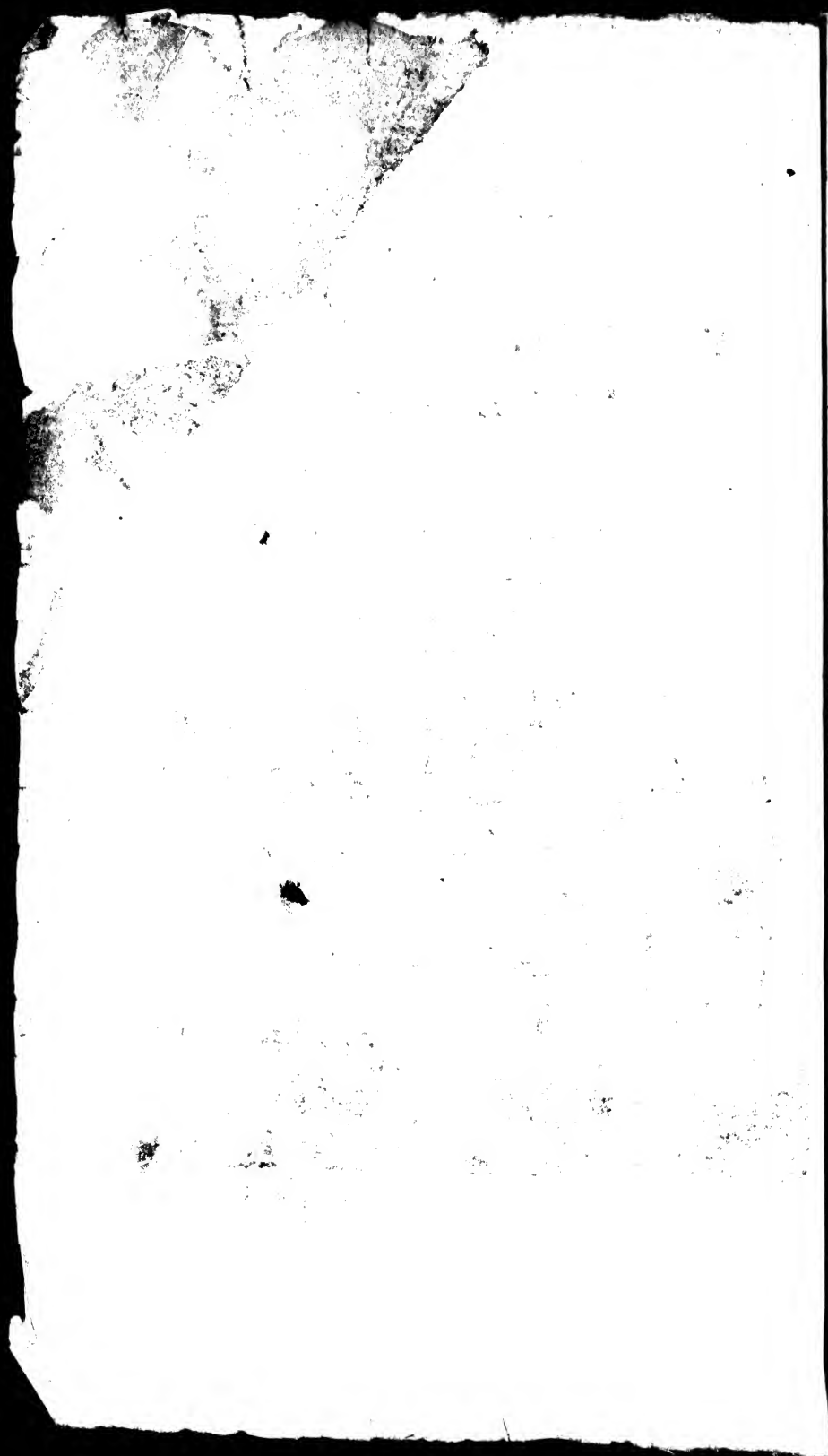
THE
HISTORY
OF
MOTHER BUNCH
OF THE WEST,

Containing many Rarities out of her
Golden Closet of Curiosities.

PART THE SECOND.



Printed by J. Evans & Son, 42, Long-lane, London. |



The Golden Cabinet

BROKE OPEN.

YOUNG maidens and batchelors,
hither come flock,

Mother Bunch has once more broken
open her stock ;

Such a stock as never was broke open
before.

Of rare curiosities here's such a store,
That will teach you good husbands
and wives how to get,

And to use them with kindness, and not
make them fret !

It will teach them to give to wives
their just due,

And teach wives to prove to their hus-
bands still true,

Or if either should slip, it will teach
them a way, (and gay ;

How each party still may be merry

It teaches maids, batchelors, husbands
and wives, (their lives

How they may be happy each day

THE INTRODUCTION.

ONE Michaelmas-day old Mother Bunch, sitting upon the bank of a river joining to a neighboring grove, she beheld the late flourishing branches in their decay, whose leaves were falling to the earth. From this she began to consider seriously of her own mortality, and since old time had marked on her the winter of age, which had covered her head with grey locks, she might expect ere long to fall, like the leaves, to earth; therefore she resolved (in as much as she had always been a kind friend to young men and maids) that she would leave a testimony of her love before she left the world; since her painful study and strict observations had made a large improvement in her stock of knowledge, she would not have it buried in the grave with her; but leave it to posterity, for the benefit of young men and maids, whereby they may learn to understand their good and bad fortunes, and by the direction

of this book, be furnished with many secret rarities never published to the world.

Accordingly, the next day, she wrote letters of invitation to the young men and maids to repair to her house on St. Luke's day, the maids she appointed to come in the morning to be first instructed, for these two reasons—as she herself was a woman, she would teach the young women first, lest the batchelors should be too severe on them; the second was, it being Horn Fair day, many of the batchelors would be employed in the morning in handing old citizens wives to the fair, and in the afternoon they might be at liberty. This was the determination of old Mother Bunch.

THE

SECOND PART

OF

Mother Bunch.

NOW against the day appointed Mother Bunch decked her house, and getting up very early that morning, she placed herself to the closet where her treasure lay. Now the 1st that entered the room was Margery

Loveman, a malster's maid, who with a low courtesy said, Good morrow, Mother Bunch, I am come to partake of your bounty; for I hear you have a second time opened your Golden Closet of Curiosities. Yes, daughter, said she, so I have, and thou shalt partake of it. Here are infallible rules and directions, in all manner of love intrigues, that you may know what sort of man you'll marry, and whether he will prove loving or no. Dear mother, these are things I would know; for believe me, out of all my sweethearts, I would willingly chuse the best; it is true, I have one hundred and forty pounds the noise of which has brought many sweethearts, and that I would willingly know which comes from pure love, and which for the lucre of moneys.

Daughter, said she, here is an experiment if you will but try it; it will make a full discovery of the reality of their love:—let a report be spread that you are robbed of all you have in the world, if, after this there is any one continues his love as before, you may be sure he is faithful, but be sure keep this counsel

to yourself, that the mystery may not be discovered.

I will take care of that, dear Mother quoth Margery, and I heartily thank you for this kind advice, so good morrow, for I must needs go.

She was no sooner gone, but in came Miss Susan, a young seamstress from Salisbury, who entered wringing her hands.—How now, quoth she, what's the matter, daughter, you take on at this rate?—Alas, Mother Bunch, quoth Susan, my, my, my.—What's the matter?—Why, my sorrow is more than I am able to bear; for, mother dear Frank the fiddler, and I are fallen out, and he swears he will not hate me.

Come, daughter, quoth she, be of good cheer, I'll put you in a way to see whether he's angry or no. She that's afraid of the grass must never pass thro' meadow, Our swallow will never make a summer, nor one woodcock a winter.

Let your angry lover alone for a season,
And he'll come to himself if he's got
any reason,

For I know fond love is a puny darling, and wants humoring, therefore let him alone; in time he'll forget his anger, and return to thee again, if he has any principle of good nature or loyal love in him, and if not, you had better be without him, than for your lifetime to be tied to a sour apple-tree. Remember the old proverb :

Set thy stool in the sun;
If a knave goes, an honest man may
come.

I hope you have not played the wanton with him; no mother, but he would fain have played a lesson on my lute the other market day, but I had more grace than to let him. Sayest thou so, daughter! Why I tell thee, he did it to try thee, and since he finds that you withstood him, he'll never leave you. Well dear mother, she said, your words are comfortable to me, and when I find the good effects, I'll return and give you an account; and now mother, farewell.

The next which entered the room was Margaret, the miller's maid, who

now only I am a tale-teller's name. I
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The next which entered the room was Margaret, the miller's maid, who

after making a low courtesy, and giving Mother Bunch the time of day, desired to know for what reason she sent her a letter. Why, said the old woman, to the end that I might reveal to you some secrets, that are both relative and productive to love, which I have never yet discovered to the world.—But mother, said Margaret, I am a mere stranger to love, for I never knew what it meant.—That may be, quoth she, yet you know not how soon you may receive the arrows of Cupid, then you'll be glad of some of my advice, for I know the best of you desire to lie with a man; and I'll appeal to you if you would not be glad of a husband? O mother, quoth Margery, you come too close to the matter, and if I may speak my mind, I'd willingly embrace such a one, for though housekeeping is chargeable yet marriage is honorable. Thou sayest well, daughter, quoth Mother Bunch, and if thou hast a mind to see the man, follow my directions and thou shalt not fail. Let me see, this is St. Luke's day, which I have found, by long experience, to be fitter for that

purpose than St. Agnes, and the ingredients more excellent : take marygold flowers, a sprig of margeram, thyme, and a little wormwood, dry them before a fire, rub them to powder, then sift it through a fine piece of lawn, simmer these, with a small quantity of virgin honey, and white wine, vinegar, over a slow fire; with this anoint your stomach breast and lips, when lying down repeat these words twice :

St. Luke, St. Luke, be kind to me,
In dreams let me my true love see,
This said hasten to sleep, and in the
soft slumber of your night's repose the
very man whom you shall marry will
appear before you, walking too and fro
near your bed-side, very plain and visible
to be seen. You shall perfectly behold
his visage, stature, and deportment,
and if he be one that will prove a loving
husband, he will approach you with a
smile, which if he does, do not seem
to be over-fond, or peevish, but receive
the same with a mild and modish blush.
But if he be one, who after marriage,

will forsake thy bed to wander after strange women; he will offer to be rude and uncivil with thee. These are rarities I have never before divulged, and will prove of advantage.—I must thank you for all your love, quoth Margaret, and so farewell, good Mother Bunch.—Good bye, dear daughter, she immediately replied.

Let joy and pleasures crown your days,
And a kind man your fortune raise.

Now came in Kate the clothworkers daughter; Doll, the dairy maid; Joan Bridget, Nancy Phillis, &c. in all about forty together, who almost filled the room, each of them crying, Dear Mother Bunch, remember me; O, mother, remember me, &c. that they made the old woman deaf with their great noise.

My dear daughters, quoth the old dame, sit you down and be quiet, and you shall partake of my benediction. Now daughters, I'll set in the midst of you and read you a lecture, meaning to give you a large account of some extraordinary occurrences here in my

closet newly broke open, declaring it as my opinion that the things which are profitable for one maid, are so for another.

First. If any one here desires to know the name of the man whom they shall marry, let her, who desires this seek for a green peas-cod, in which there are full nine peas; which done either write or cause to be written, on a small slip of paper, these words:

Come in my dear, and do not fear.

Which writing you must enclose within the aforesaid peas-cod, and lay it under the door. Then mind the next person who comes in, for you'll certainly marry one of the same name.

Secondly. She who desires to be satisfied whether she shall enjoy the man desired or not, let her take two lemon peels in the morning, and wear them all day under her arm pits: then at night let her rub the four posts of the bed with them—which done, in your sleep, he will seem to come, and present you with a couple of lemons: but if not, there is no hope.

Thirdly. She who desires to know to what manner of fortune she shall be married, if a gentleman, a tradesman, or a traveller, the experiment is this: take a walnut, a hazel-nut, and a nutmeg, grate them, and mix them up with butter and sugar into pills, which must be taken at lying down, and then if her fortune be to marry a gentleman, her sleep will be filled with golden dreams, if a tradesman, odd noises, and tumults, if a traveller, thunder and lightning will disturb her.

Fourthly. St. Agnes' day I have not yet wholly blotted out of my book, but I have found a more exact way of trial than before. You need not abstain from kisses, nor be forced to keep fast from the glance of a lover in the night. If you can but rise to be at the church door between the hours of 12 and 1 in the morning; then put the forefinger of your right-hand into the key-hole, and then repeat the following
 rds thrice :

O sweet St. Agnes, now draw near,
 And with my true love now appear.

Then will he presently approach
with a smiling countenance.

Fifthly. My daughters, know ye
the 14th of February, it is Valentine's
day, at which time the fowls of the air
begin to couple; and the young men
and maids are chusing their matches.
Now, that you may with speed take
this approved direction, take five hay
leaves, lay one under every corner of
your pillow, and the fifth in the mid-
dle, then lying down, repeat these
lines seven times over:

Sweet Guardian Angels, let me have,
What I most earnestly do crave,
A Valentine endow'd with love,
That will both kind and constant prove.

Then to your content, you'll either
have the Valentine you desire, or one
more excellent.

Sixthly. The old experiment of the
Midsummer smock found out in a
better method than before, by my sub-
lime and painful study in philosophy.
And now my daughters, said she, it
is thus; let seven of you go together
on Midsummer-Eve, just at sun set,

into a slight grove, and gather every one of you a sprig of red sage, and turn into a private room, with a stool in the middle, each one having a clean smock turned wrong side outwards, hanging on a line across the room, and let every one lay their sprig of red sage in a clean bason of rose water, set on the stool ! which done, place yourselves in a row, and continue till 12 or 1, saying nothing, be what it will you see, for after midnight each one's sweetheart, or husband that shall be, shall take each maid's sprig out of the rose water, and sprinkle his lovers shift, and those who are so unfortunate as never to be married, their sprigs will not be moved but in lieu of that, sobs and sighs will be heard. This has been often tried, and it never failed of its effects.

These things I have found out of late,
To make young lovers fortunate.

And now, my dear daughters, I have but a word or two more to say at present and that by way of caution.

In the twelvemonths I find but thirty one days unlucky : so as to be tender

of your own happiness take care you
 marry not on these days, for your bet-
 ter instruction, I will set down those
 days for you.

January two—the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th, and 31st.
 February two—the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th, and 31st.

March three—the 9th, 19th, and 21st

April two—the 6th, and 7th

May two—the 1st, and 14th

June three—the 7th, 9th, and 10th

July two—the 1st, and 14th

August two—the 1st, and 14th

Sep. three—the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th

October three—the 4th, 14th, and 15th

November two—the 15th, and 24th

Dec. three—the 6th, 8th, and 9th.

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IN
January—the 7th, 14th, 17th, and 18th
February two—the 5th, and 10th

March three—the 9th, 19th, and 21st

April two—the 6th, and 7th

May two—the 4th, and 14th

June three—the 7th, 9th, and 10th

July two—the 6th, and 7th

August two—the 11th, and 16th

Sep. three—the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th

October three—the 4th, 14th, and 15th

November two—the 15th, and 24th

Dec. three—the 6th, 8th, and 9th.

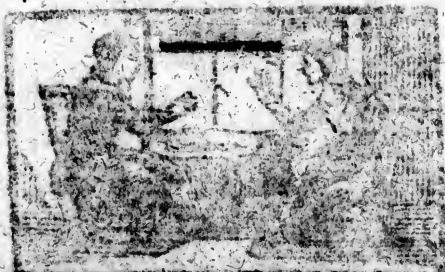
Observe my rules of all these days,
And then you will your fortune raise.

This said, old Mother Bunch gave
them a cup of her cordial water, and
then dismissed them, the young dam-
sels returning their hearty thanks for
her kind and motherly advice.



HER INSTRUCTIONS TO

YOUNG MEN.



AFTER Mother Bunch had dined, the young men came, as Tom the miller; Ralph the thatcher; and Robin, the ploughman, with many others of different trades and callings, whom Mother Bunch invited to sit down, that so she might the better deliver her salutary counsel to them.

At first she begins with Tom the miller, saying, Ah, Tom! thou art a sad fellow: there's not a maid coming to the mill but you will be bobbing upon their aprons: but take my word for it, if you do not leave off you'll be ruined. What woman will have such a one? She must justly conclude you will be caterwauling still. You know what I mean, Tom.—Yes, Mother, but



sure you do not take me for such a one.—Yes, Tom, I do, and am but seldom mistaken. It is you millers that fill the country with cracked maidenheads, so that the honest husbandman ready finds the ground tilled up.

But, farewell, I will have nothing to do with you.

Then turning to Ralph, the thatcher, she said, I find you are desirous of a wife, and your ambition is such she must be rich, young, and beautiful. So you can't be content with honest Joan to whom you promised marriage, but must change her for a finican-madam, but I can tell you, her face will find many friends in a corner, and indeed but justly served in your kind, and therefore I pray you to return to your old lover, for she is an honest girl, and much fitter for you than such a butterfly as you have lately followed.

Then she stretched forth her hand to Robin the ploughman, saying, thou art an honest fellow, and good luck will attend thee—I don't mean bags of gold nor heaps of silver, but thou shalt have an industrious wife, one who will be willing to labour, as a true and faithful yokemate, who will be a cheerful partner in thy weal or woe, to support thee under thy troubles, as the poet has it—

The burden may be borne by two
 with care, (to bear.
 Which is perhaps too much for one

Honest Robin, this is thy fortune:
 and, as thou art art a downright man,
 I'm glad to find it so.

Thus Mother Bunch went round the
 room,
 And told them what would be their
 doom,
 If they her daughters did betray,
 And steal their maidenheads away,
 Each should be punish'd with a bride,
 By whom he should be hornified:
 But if they were right honest men,
 They should have happy fortunes then,
 This said, she did her blessing give,
 In love and happiness to live:

Which when they did the same receive
 Of Mother Bunch they took their leave
 Declaring she had told them more
 Than e'er they understood before,
 Yet all her art at length could not her
 save
 From Death's dire stroke, and moul-
 d'ring in the grave.



MOTHER BUNCH'S FUNERAL



Come mourn with me, you lovers all
Since Mother Bunch is dead,
Who labor'd hard both night and day,
To get you married.
And if you follow with her rules,
And all her maxims try,
Altho' her body turns to dust,
Her fame shall never die.

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